

# Phonographiana

THE MAGAZINE DEDICATED TO THE RECORD  
COLLECTOR AND MUSIC ENTHUSIAST

VOL. 1  
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DISCOGRAPHIES

REVIEWS

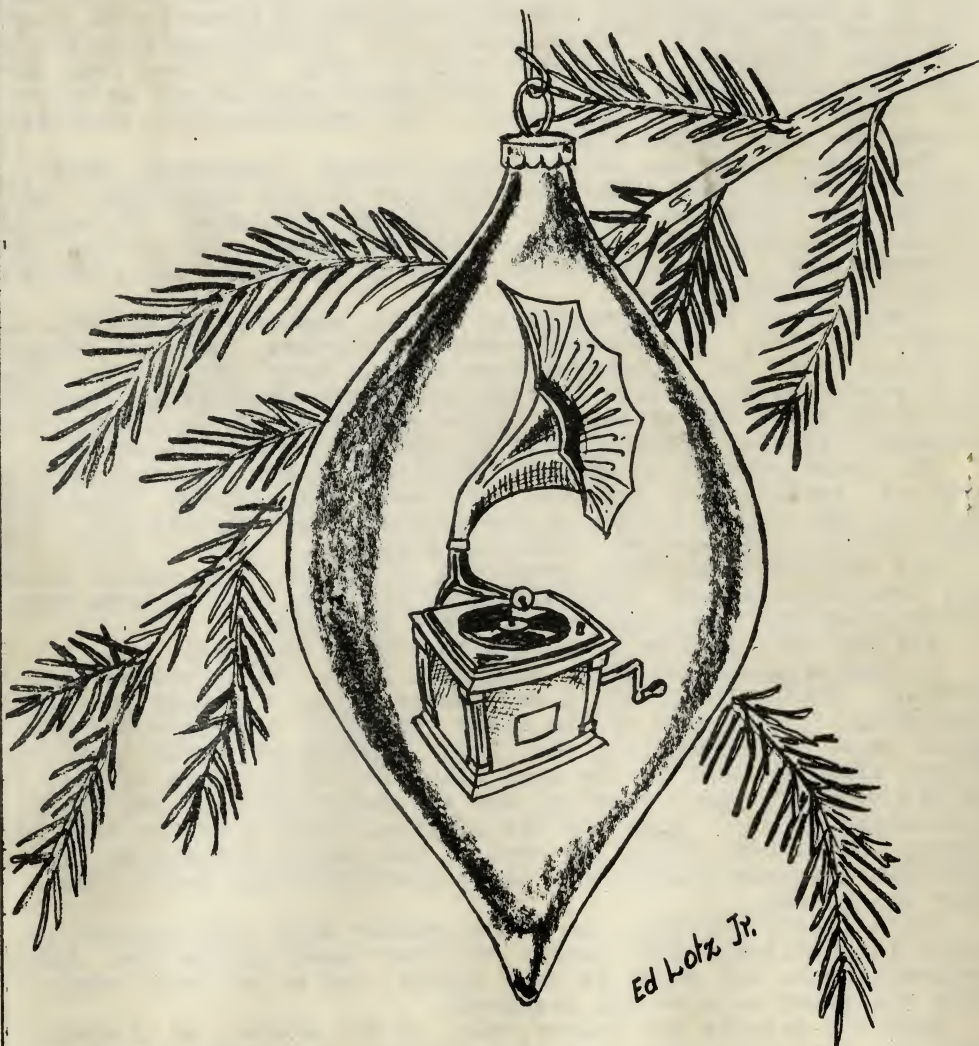
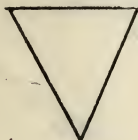
ARTICLES

OPINION POLLS

BIOGRAPHIES

SOUNDING  
BOARD

\$ 2.00  
PER YEAR



NOV. ~ DEC. 1956



Already Busoni is becoming a legendary figure, and whilst there have been differences of opinion as to the value of his compositions, his ability as a pianist has never been questioned by those competent to judge. His intellect placed him on a level far above the ordinary commercial-virtuoso travelling, as Sorabji once said, in The Tchaikovsky Concerto; and his efforts in the cause of Liszt's greater works are too well-known to need comment here.

Busoni's editions of Bach and other composers are invaluable, and every sentence of his rather scattered writings is pregnant with meaning. A collected edition of these writings, in a good translation, is much to be desired.

As the number of people who heard him in person diminishes with the years we have to rely more than ever on the few records that were issued, and to a lesser extent on the re-recordings of piano rolls. He was, without doubt one of the finest examples of pianist-musician who used a superlative technique for purely musical ends. It seems from the evidence available that there were no black spots such as one so often finds in the technique of great performers, and everything was executed with the consummate ease of the master.

The majority of the masterpieces of Bach, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin and Liszt were included in his repertoire, as reference to the list contained in Dent's biography will show. We read of titanic conceptions, carefully planned, with an innate sense of the structure of a composition, an unparalleled range of dynamics and a total disregard of executive convention.

Elsewhere we find appreciation of his masterly pedalling, incredible finger rapidity, precise and sparkling rhythms, pointed staccato, bold unerring leaps and wonderful tone color. Many critics drew attention to what became known as his 'horizontal' style of playing, particularly in his handling of the classics, layer upon layer of tone being built up to enormous climaxes, particularly in work of a fugal character.

The above remarks on Busoni's playing, drawn from the writings of important contemporary critics, give some idea of the tremendous impact made by this superb artist on the musical public of his day, and one can find little or no adverse criticism anywhere.

His architectural style seemed to be particularly suited to Beethoven's Op. 106---one of the touchstones of his art; and we know from his own writings of the importance he attached to detail.

And all that we have is a tiny handful of records!

In such a small recorded output it is to be regretted that Chopin's ETUDE G MAJOR OP.10, NO. 5 was issued twice, although in different performances. The record of the Liszt RHAPSODY provides the best recorded piano tone, but undoubtedly the Bach PRELUDE AND FUGUE coupled with the Chopin ETUDE E MINOR is the most valuable. In the Bach we have an example of his beautiful part playing, and the performance of the Chopin gives an indication of the 'size' of his playing. Even a trifle such as the Beethoven ECCOSAISE shows the hand of the master technician, and the Liszt RHAPSODY reveals a style of Liszt playing little heard today, and even less understood.

It is fairly certain, as we can gather from his letters and various other indications, that Busoni recorded more titles than those issued. Information on the point is very scanty and we can only deplore the fact that the matrices were all destroyed.

Busoni's records are scarce, but, to the student of pianoforte playing they are certainly among the most valuable of recorded performances.

#### BUSONI DISCOGRAPHY

NOTE: Capitals: C major keys Lower case: c minor keys.

Columbia 1919-1922

Chopin, NOCTURNE F# OP.15 NO.2; ETUDE G OP..0 NO.5

L1432



(Busoni continued)

Bach, PRELUDE & FUGUE NO. 1 C; Chopin, ETUDE e OP.25 NO.5 L1445  
Liszt, HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY NO. 13 L1456  
Bach-Busoni, CHORALE PRELUDE 'REJOICE BELOVED CHRISTIANS';  
Chopin, PRELUDE A OP.28 NO.7; ETUDE G# OP.10 NO.5;  
Beethoven-Busoni, MOONLIGHT L1470

Columbia LP (Transcribed from piano rolls)  
Beethoven-Liszt, FANTASIA 'RUINS OF ATHENS' (solo version)  
Chopin, PRELUDE D OP.28 NO.15  
Paganini-Liszt, LA CAMPANELLA (Coupled with Saint-Saens) ML4292

Allegro LP (Transcribed from piano rolls)  
Liszt, SOIREEES MUSICALES DE ROSSINI NO.10 (NOCTURNE)  
Verdi-Liszt, RIGOLETTO PARAPHRASE LA30  
(Coupled with Carreno, Pugno, Bloomfield-Zeislner)

### Notes on the discography

The following pieces were included on Audio Archives LP LPA1203, and they were taken from early Columbia recordings:

Liszt, HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY NO. 13  
Chopin, ETUDE G# OP.10 NO.5; NOCTURNE F# OP.15 NO.2

The Collector's Record Shop issued a version of the Liszt HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY NO.13 (# CRS 65) which is the same as the early Columbia version

The Allegro titles were listed in the 1925 Ampico piano roll catalog, and the titles included on Columbia ML 4292 are all listed in the 1927 Welte catalog.

To those interested in Busoni's work for the phonograph I would suggest a careful reading of his letters to his wife, dated November and December 1919, and February 1922. Similarly, a study should be made of the matrix numbers of the early Columbia records.

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EDISONIA EDISON GRAND OPERA TWO MINUTE WAX CYLINDERS (1907) GEORGE MEISER

This is a continuation of the list that appeared in Vol. I, No. 5

B 51 Goritz: Ich grolle nicht  
B 52 Constantino: Cavalleria Rusticana- Brindisi  
B 53 Garavaglia: Manon- In quelle trine morbide  
B 54 Campanari: Io son l'amore  
B 55 Knote: Fliegende Hollander- Steuerman's Lied  
B 56 Abott: Martha- L'Ultima Rosa d'Estate  
B 57 Scotti: Falstaff- Quand'ero paggio  
B 58 Garavaglia: Don Pasquale- So anch'io la virtu  
B 59 Constantino: Carmen- Alta la!  
B 60 Franceschini: Samson- Figli miei  
B 61 Gioconia: Mignon- Non conosci il bel soul  
B 62 Blass: Faust- Rondo dem goldene Kalb  
B 63 Constantino: L'Elisir d'Amore- Una furtiva lagrima  
B 64 Campanari: Carmen- Canzone del Toreador  
B 65 Scotti: Masked Ball- Eri tu  
B 66 Jacoby: Il Trovatore- Stride la vampa  
B 67 Constantino: La Boheme- Sono un poeta  
B 68 Goritz: Der Trompeter- Ihr heisset mich  
B 100 Pintucci: Stabat Mater- Cujus animam  
B 112 Pintucci: Carmen- Il flor



This is a continuation of the list that appeared in Vol. 1, No. 5

The 034000 series after 200 became merely face numbers the earlier numbers were issued with just face numbers - double faced numbers (W & Y series) being assigned to those titles that remained in the catalog c. 1918. As a result these later 034000's lose much of their significance and are much more difficult to obtain.

I would appreciate hearing from collectors who have records in this group or who can venture further information on the series already listed.

I take this opportunity to thank the many collectors who have helped me in this work - particularly Alice & Henry Hirsh, M. Sokol, A. Wolfe, E. T. Fischel, S. Weinfeld, J. Pickar and J. Kress.

In 1911 a 2-034000 series was begun and continued until 1930. They were primarily of Victor Red Seal origin. A listing follows: (V-Victor, R-Red Seal)

- 2-034000 VR Caruso-Journet: Faust- O merveille (Gounod)
- 01 VR Caruso-Journet-Scotti: Faust- Que voulez-vous messieurs? (Gounod)
- 02 VR " " -Farrar: " - Alerte! (Gounod)
- 03 VR " " " -Gilbert: Faust- Seigneur Dieu (Gounod)
- 04 VR " " " : " - Eh quoi toujours seule (Gounod)
- 05 VR " -Farrar: Faust- Mon coeur est penetre (Gounod)
- 06 VR " " : " - Attends! voici la rue (Gounod)
- 07 VR " " -Journet: Faust- Elle ouvre sa fenetre (Gounod)
- 08 VR Farrar-Journet: Faust- Scene de L'Eglise Pt. 1 (Gounod)
- 09 VR " " : " - " " Pt. 2 (Gounod)
- 10 VR " " : Migon- Legeres Hirondelles (Thomas)
- 11 VR " -Caruso: Faust- Il se fait tard (Gounod)
- 12 VR " " : " - O nuit d'amour (Gounod)
- 13 VR Journet- Caruso: Crucifix (Faure)
- 14 VR " -Amato: Faust- Scene des Epees (Gounod)
- 15 VR " -Clement; Robert le Diable- Du rendez-vous (Meyerbeer)
- 16 VR " " : " - Le bonheur est dans...
- 17 VR " " : Pecheurs des Perles- Au fond du temple (Bizet)
- 18 VR Caruso-Farrar: Manon- On L'appelle Manon (Massenet)
- 19 VR McCormack-Marsh: Carmen- Parle-moi de ma mere (Bizet)
- 20 VR Destinn-Duchene: Pique Dame- Duet (?) (Tchaikovsky)
- 21 VR Farrar-Amato: Carmen- Si tu m'aimes (Bizet)
- 22 VR " -Martinelli: Carmen- C'est toi? C'est moi (Bizet)
- 23 VR " " : " - Au quartier pour l'appel (Bizet)
- 24 VR " " : " - Je t'aime encore (Bizet)
- 25 VR Gluck-Homer: Crucifix (Faure)
- 26 VR Caruso-Homer-Journet: Samson et...-Je viens celebre (Saint-Saens)
- 27
- 28
- 29 VR Martinelli-Farrar: Carmen- Halte la! (Bizet)
- 30 VR Journet-de Gogorza-van Hoose: Faust- Que voulez vous (Gounod)
- 31
- 32
- 33 VR Gigli-Bori: Romeo et...-Ange adorable (Gounod) (issued 1953)
- 34 R Annseau-Sadoven: Werther- Oui c'est moi (Massenet) CL-45-2
- 35 R " " : " - N'achevez-pas (Massenet) CL-46-2
- 36 R " " : Carmen- C'est toi? C'est moi (Bizet) CL-47-2
- 37 R " " : " - Je t'aime encore (Bizet) CL-48-2
- 38 R " -Servais: " - Je suis Escamillo (Bizet) CL-39-1
- 39 R Chaliapin-Austral: Faust- Scene de L'Eglise Pt. 1 (Gounod)
- 40 R " " : " - " " Pt. 2 (Gounod)
- 41



I've fortunately been able to travel a great deal of the time and for whatever reasons took me to places like Rolla, Missouri, El Paso, Texas or Mobile, Alabama, my hobby of collecting jazz recordings has always been high on the agenda. In hunting through old record shops, antique shops, Salvation Army depots, and such, I was aware that the collecting clan of the 30's and the wartime government shellac recall had pretty well cleaned the shelves, but like gold prospectors, I keep trying. In Waco, Texas, I did a systematic search of the "back of town" sections and in old stores could come up with no more than an occasional Paul Whiteman Victor or cracked California Ramblers even without Red Nichols presence. One day, a typical afternoon Texas sun was beating down and it drove me into a small cafe in want of a cool beer. An old timer of the neighborhood struck up a conversation and after convincing him that I really was looking for old discs, he took me to his garage nearby where among dirt, broken tools, crates and more dirt, he pointed out a carton that contained "victrola" records. Perhaps the first twenty discs were operatic, and good ones too, but alas, cracked and warped to boot. The remaining twenty or so were the "finds" that made my heart flip a beat. Wingy Manone Bluebirds, Jimmy Blythe on Vocalion, James P. Johnson on Black Swan, Bennie Moten on Okeh, etc. Of them, only one hairline crack and only several slight warps were evident and all in new shape in original envelopes. The old chap was delighted when I offered a quarter apiece and I left elated to say the least.

One day, not long after, I was in an outdoor market place in the border town of Villa Acuna, Mexico. The sidewalks were crowded with vendors of materials, cheap bracelets, food, cigarettes, et al when my eye spied a "fajole" vendor sitting on a large cardboard carton marked "fonografo disco". In poor Spanish I enquired whether there were records inside. There were, each between soft paper separators. Of the group, most were Spanish pop tunes on national labels, but at the very bottom, in almost perfect condition, was a 1924 Gennett by the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. How any of the discs survived being sat on all day (for who knows how long) and in the sunlight, I'll never know. The bargain I struck up with the fellow was simply to buy a few of his wares (and those little oil-fired meat patties are delectable) and keep the record.

Many other interesting little experiences happened here and there in the hunt for the elusive rarities but some years ago I recall the greatest find I've personally ever heard of and it was "right in my own backyard". One Saturday morning, a car drove up to my place and from it emerged an avid jazz collector from a down state city. In his car were several cartons full of the hardest to find items, Armstrongs, Mortons, Bessie Smiths, etc., all in original dust jackets and in mint condition. Seems he had discovered them in an auction store in downtown Newark, N.J., just three miles from my house. It occurs to me that I never made any attempt to hunt around home for some reason or other. Don't imagine there still could be bargains like that.....? Who knows?

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(2-034000 series continued)

- 42 R Chaliapin-Kline: Don Quichotte- Mort de Don Quichotte (Massenet)
- 43 R Annseau-Journet: Carmen- Je suis Escamillo (Bizet) CTR-3177
- 44 R " -Heldy: Carmen- Parle-moi de ma mere (Bizet) CTR-3366
- 45 R " " : " - Qui sait de quel demon (Bizet) CTR-3367
- 46 R " " : Manon- Toi! Vous! (Massenet) CTR-3368
- 47 R Chaliapin-Hislop: Faust- Valse (Gounod)
- 48 R Annseau-Journet: Faust- Mais ce Dieu (Gounod) CS 4270-2



One of the pioneer recording artists about whom information is exasperatingly elusive is the velvet-voiced contralto, Corinne Morgan. It is established that the lady's full name was Corinne Morgan Welsh and that she sang in a New York church choir, whose members also included "Harry Anthony and James F. Harrison" (John Young and Frederick Wheeler), but details of her early life are hard to find.

Miss Morgan's career as a recording artist appears to have begun in 1902 as a duet partner of "Frank C. Stanley" (William Stanley Grinsted), the superb basso who organized and managed the Peerless Quartet until his death in 1910. Stanley also was a choir singer, so it's probable he first did church work with Miss Morgan, realized their voices blended exceptionally well and obtained her first phonograph engagements. By the end of 1902 they were recording old favorites like LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD as well as singing popular songs. On occasion they even essayed "coon songs", of which DEED I DO and NOBODY'S LOOKING BUT THE OWEL AND THE MOON were typical.

Corinne Morgan, as Frank Stanley's widow recalls her, was a young woman of vivacious personality and a quick temper. For several years she and Stanley worked steadily together for virtually all the pioneer record companies, and Miss Morgan also became one of the first women to win genuine popularity as a recording soloist. She sang in a number of mixed voice organizations sponsored by Stanley, among them the Metropolitan and Lyric Quartets. She also did a bit of duet work with the charming soprano, Elise Stevenson, for Victor, and on Zon-o-phone did considerable singing with James F. Harrison. As far as I recall off-hand, she didn't sing duets with Harrison for any other company.

"Frank Stanley's" widow (Mrs. Elizabeth Grinsted) says there was a quarrel between her husband and Miss Morgan, which led to a break in their friendship and professional association. On one occasion they were recording a duet for Edison, and Walter Miller, the recording director, beckoned to Stanley to step outside. He then instructed the basso to "tell Corinne she's flattening." When Stanley passed on the comment, Corinne felt insulted and tore into Miller. He denied having made the remark and she denounced Stanley and walked out. He then obtained "Grace Nelson (Grace Hornby) to succeed Miss Morgan as his contralto partner, but a little later used Miss Stevenson, the soprano, almost entirely when he needed feminine help.

Mrs. Grinsted is of the impression that the quarrel was never patched up, but it must have been, because Miss Morgan was the contralto in the Lyric Quartet that began making records shortly before Stanley's death. Miss Stevenson was the soprano, Harry Macdonough was the tenor, and Stanley of course was the bass. Following the basso's death there was a shape-up, and only Macdonough remained in the Lyric. William F. Hooley became the bass, and Olive Kline and Elsie Baker were soprano and contralto, respectively.

Miss Morgan dropped out of the recording picture after Stanley's death. The latter's son, Alan Grinsted, recalls that in the early 1920's he went into a New York employment agency, gave his name to a pleasant middle-aged receptionist and was told: "Oh, you must be Stanley Grinsted's son! I used to be his duet partner. Did you ever hear him speak of Corinne Welsh?" Shortly before that time, in 1920, the contralto, under her full name Corinne Morgan Welsh, had made at least one Emerson record. Probably Victor Emerson, who seemed to have a fondness for resurrecting his old-time musical friends, had decided to give her a chance to make a recording comeback.

Alan Grinsted also recalls Miss Welsh told him she was engaged to be married and showed him a photograph of a distinguished appearing white-haired elderly man as her intended husband. She was married in 1924 to



Collecting records is one hobby that truthfully can never be a lonely avocation, if only because of the audio aspects of this diversion. But it takes a confirmed introvert to enjoy his records solo. Just think: if you couldn't play your records for someone else periodically, would you enjoy your collection as much? I've even had people dislike what I've played, yet respect the divergent opinion enough to want to hear it. There are some Jazz record clubs here in the United States as well as some record clubs that specialize solely in classical music - in fact, I can harken back to the late "thirties", when I belonged to such a group, and every other Friday evening we used to gather in an alternate members home, darken the lights, and just listen to music. Even cloaked in darkness one could feel the understanding and camaraderie of the group, which helped lead to warmer appreciation of the music being played.

In short, why not organize more record clubs here in the United States so that we can enjoy our records by sharing them with our friends and associates. Fie on the stupid collector who refuses to play his records for fear of wearing them out, and to whom possession alone means joy in collecting. The stamp collectors hold many exhibitions where the showing of stamps and explaining their peculiarities is the major part of the purpose of them.

Let's try to outline the procedure of a record club: there should be none or very small dues; meetings may be held at members homes on a rotating basis and be very informal with a minimum of officers, if any. Members could be record collectors of every type. If sufficiently large numbers of collectors in specialized fields such as classical or jazz, would turn out, then they could form groups of their own. But if numbers are small, a general membership would get along very well. Meetings, while informal should have some semblance of form. First of all, there could be a general discussion period, when collectors could trade records information or what have you----and club business could be brought up. After an hour of this an intermission could be called for serving coffee. Then favorites could be reviewed at which time everyone present could play a record of their choice. These meetings could be augmented by talks by various members on their specialties. These are but a few of the things that could occur at a meeting. The sky is the limit on what could be accomplished.

So, let's get rolling here in the United States and emulate the European collector who is following this pattern. Let's get together to get record clubs started in our various cities. I shall be very glad to coordinate any such efforts. If anyone who reads this is interested drop me a line, I'll get together the people in each area, and off we'll go. You'd be surprised how much more pleasure can be gotten from sharing your records. Write me at 707 Rockland Street, Philadelphia 20, Pennsylvania.

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(Corinne Morgan continued)

C. W. Dumont, an executive of a New York book publishing firm. Apparently she lived in retirement until some time in the early 1940's, for Harvey Hindermeyer told me in 1947 she had died only a year or two before.

Corinne Morgan is a singer who fascinates me. I am the proud owner of some sheet music formerly belonging to her, which was given to me by Frank Stanley's daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Repelow of East Orange, N. J. Some day I hope to obtain more exact information and write a biographical sketch that will do the gifted contralto greater justice.



A BEN SELVIN DISCOGRAPHY E. B. BACKENSTO 57 pp. \$1.00 Pub. E.B.Backensto  
37 North Girard Street, Woodbury, New Jersey.

I give you Mr. Backensto's own introduction to the discography: "Why a Ben Selvin discography? Maybe because he has been associated with more phonograph recordings than any man living or dead. Or because the merit of his recordings are often overlooked. Or because an effort seemed required to straighten out the mass of errors that have been published concerning the 'nom de plumes' thought up by recording companies. All of these were contributing factors, but the list will also clarify many confusing practices of the twenties and early thirties used by Columbia and at the time provide a guide for collectors interested in digging out personnels for various sessions.

A complete Ben Selvin biography could fill many interesting pages. For the sake of brevity I quote from the 1927 Brunswick catalog: 'Ben Selvin has had a rapid rise from a vocal entertainer and violinist in the well known Healy's and famous Rector's in New York, to the director of one of the foremost dance orchestras of the present. While in his 'teens Selvin wielded the baton of a jazz orchestra at the old Moulin Rouge, New York, in 1917. Here he developed an excellent orchestra, which under his direction, and because of his winning personality, drew a large following. He was the continuous attraction at this cafe until 1924, thereby establishing a record for long time engagements. Selvin is not only an excellent violinist and an intelligent director, but is also a singer with the ability to 'put over' a popular song. A feature of many of his records are the vocal choruses done by himself. His orchestra is capable of playing any type of dance music with equal finish and one will find in their arrangements attention to detail and a production of effects which other orchestras do not have.'

From the beginning Selvin made recordings for all the different recording companies; being in great demand and because of exclusive contracts he became a pioneer of the 'nom de plume'. While under exclusive contract to Vocalion, on December 26, 1923, he made his 1000th recording. At this time he directed and managed the BAR HARBOR SOCIETY ORCHESTRA, BROADWAY SYNCOPATORS, SOUTHAMPTON SERENADERS in addition to the BEN SELVIN ORCHESTRA. Actually these were all the same musicians, for the most part, for Selvin did not vary the personnel with different labels. The above quote was after a couple years of exclusive contract to Brunswick, but shortly after the 1927 catalog was issued he transferred the right to his name to Columbia. While under contract to Brunswick, Selvin also managed THE HARMONIANS and NEWPORT SOCIETY ORCHESTRA (on Harmony, etc.) and THE CAVALIERS (on Columbia), a name used almost entirely for waltzes.

In later years Selvin had no formal orchestra but used studio men. However, throughout his recording activity he managed to use nearly the same group for any given period on all labels. His main arrangers were William Perry and Max Terr."

Do the names Larry Binyon, Rube Bloom, Jimmy Dorsey, Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Manny Klein, Benny Krueger, Eddie Lang, Miff Mole, Red Nichols, Cornell Smelser, Joe Tarto, Jack Teagarden, Joe Venuti ---- mean anything to you, Mr. Jazz? Well, all of them played for Ben Selvin at one time or another and if you are interested in tracking down the last squawk of Joe Venuti, the last tootle of Benny Goodman, the last toot of Red Nichols, the last....you will have to refer to Mr. Selvin's waxings.

The discography runs to some 50 pages and a correspondent who owns it wrote me as follows: "I have used it for more than a year. I have found no errors and only one omission." High praise, indeed.



If records and collecting them seem too solemn a task, dedicated to the search for nothing but the best, to admit of becoming able to enjoy the worst if it's droll enough, better not bother with this department, which is dedicated to the unimportant and non-definitive.

The rollers and flat ones of yesterday contain surprisingly little which could "shock the most fastidious", in the language of the familiar limerick, and I can turn up but little in the raised eyebrow department. Indeed, I find in one old Edison catalog a listing of a "coon duet" which is lauded as positively containing nothing to offend--then goes on to say "many records of this type are rather coarse."

Perhaps the ripest of the early cylinders in my collection is the one by Collins and Harlan called PARODY ON HIAWATHA. It concerns a bathing beach scene and a lady in an unreliable bathing suit. It must have raised some guffaws and sparked some blushes in the early 1900's. Then there comes to mind a friend of mine who has an Edison and a nice selection of waxes, telling me about 1915 the village pastor refused to stay in the room when they played WHEN HIGHLAND MARY DANCED THE HIGHLAND FLING. I think Billy Murray is the singer.

There was of course, a freedom of use of certain racial words in those days, which would be out of the question now. I recollect how I had prepared a radio program of ancient rollers which included Len Spencer doing PARSON SPENCER'S DISCOURSE ON ADAM AND EVE. However, as we started to tape, I realized that I had missed one word in the opening which kept it off the air, and we had to hurriedly substitute. I played Marie Dresslers I'M GOING TO CHANGE MY MAN over the air, picking the sound of the wax roller up with the mike, but had to cover just one word in the thing with a comment.

Another innocently-titled roller which has a last verse that would be out of the question now is SONGS THE BAND PLAYED. In those days, as now there were no shenanigans permitted about religion. However, I was unable to use UNCLE JOSH'S RHEUMATISM over the air without probably offending one of our sects. Just how Vernon Dalhart could get through the task of singing BRYAN'S LAST FIGHT on Cameo disc 792 is more than I can comprehend. I do not believe Mr. Dalhart's theology was that callow. As is only proper, this was backed by THE JOHN T. SCOPES CASE.

As I was checking the filing card on this record, I noted that I have Pathe needle-cut record 32200, whereon Dalhart sings a little trifle called WHEN YOU'RE FAR AWAY---backed by THE PRISONER'S SWEETHEART, which is ghastly enough in its own right without having the singer listed as George Morbid. Anybody know who G. Morbid really was?

Mr. Edmund Burke, of Hempstead, New Jersey, very graciously cleared up the mystery connected with the Cassi cylinder, which I commented on in the July-August issue of PHONOGRAPHI ANNA.

The corrected announcement is, "Taps, as played at the graves of Sergeant Hamilton Fish and Captain Capron." The Captain's name on Mr. Burke's Berliner disc of this same number is pronounced "Keepron." The absence of any a-sound had me stopped. Once Mr. Burke told me of the unexpected pronunciation, I could hear it quite plainly, though the "r" sound is very dim. Allyn K. Capron was the only American Captain killed at the battle of Las Guásimas. Apparently my unnumbered cream wax cylinder is earlier than the Berliner and other cylinders of this that I have heard, the reason being that Emil (or Emilio) Cassi, of Jerome, Arizona, had not yet been promoted to chief trumpeter--and so is simply titled TRUMPETER CASSI.

WANTED: Diamond point or complete reproducer for Edison Diamond Disc Long Play Machine. C.Y. de KAY 1821 90th AVENUE OAKLAND 3, CALIFORNIA



Only recently the American Jazz scene was debited with the passing of a giant whose contribution to it had been tremendous. The newspapers, the radio networks and TV went all-out to rightly acknowledge the death of Thomas Dorsey. Tommy was one of the giants and as such won the admiration of his colleagues and the adulation of a large public. But Tommy has passed on and anything I might say about him at this time would be superfluous.

But how about a few years from now? A new generation of jazz-makers and jazz-lovers will strut across the stage. Will the memory of Tommy's work be as clear and vivid as it is today? Even with the evidence of that work all about us, will he be remembered at all, except casually or by a handful of devotees? Mens' memories seem to me to be cruelly short.

Tommy Dorsey's recent passing leads me to thoughts that I must shamefully admit have been few and far between in recent years. I suddenly remembered many of the other greats who had given so much---yes, often their all, to jazz; names like Waller, Catlett, Dodds, Oliver, Morton, Lunceford, Webb, Biederbecke and Berigan. And when I came to the latter, my thoughts grew long and clear, my memory flashed back to the past, a past I had respected---and still do---so very much. For Bunny, or if you might prefer---Bernard Rolland Berigan---was and probably still is, my particular gleaming star on the moving jazz horizon.

I had always watched his efforts closely, and tried to see him in person whenever possible, for it was from his horn that I seemed to hear a sound I have never to this day ceased to marvel at.

As I reflect over reviews of the late T. D., a nostalgia and a great melancholy overtakes me. Men like Dorsey and Goodman and many other greats were so enriched by the presence of Berigan in their bands. True, Bunny as an individual may have left a bit to be desired because of certain weaknesses, but as a musician he was of a stature incomparable and it is as a musician that he must be remembered, if he is to be remembered.

Today, my recollections flash back to May 30, 1942, at Sunnybrook Ballroom at Pottstown, Pa., where Bunny appeared for his last job. I went, not to hear the band that night, but to hear the man---the horn and that tone which had so captivated the jazz scene for years. But Fate decreed that Bunny was not to play. The bus with the boys from the band broke down en route. They never did make the job until after the management had given up and refunded all box office receipts to the crowds. Yes, Bunny was there, having come by car with three other members of the band, but they were all that appeared until it was too late to work the job.

I can still so plainly and so pitifully see Bunny before me. He was pale and gaunt, the finger of the Grim Reaper was already upon him, and I believe with all my heart that he knew it. He had to know it; for no man could be as deathly ill as he was and still walk up and down across the bandstand hoping to play once more, unless that person felt that it might well be a last chance. Bunny really wanted to play that night and his anxiety about the delay in arrival of the band was quite apparent. The crowd was great, all anticipating the marvelous possibilities that they knew Bunny capable of. Few in the crowd fully sensed the change in the man. Mentally he was the same as he had always been, but physically he was a tragic sight. He was ready to play--play--and play more and more---as he had always been. He was ready to play even though the doctors had outrightly told him that he was absolutely singing his own death warrant by not quitting for at least six months. He looked longingly from the bandstand time after time, hoping that the bus with the members of the band would still arrive.

Yet, as he sat backstage killing time---he never could have fully realized how precious those minutes were to be to him. As much as I virtually hated the man in one respect for his one great vice, which he was engaging in that night, and must even today be comparatively common know-



(Lest we forget continued)

ledge--you had to forgive this man for his other great virtues---his talents on the trumpet and his never ending desire to help other musicians when they needed help. I had seen Bunny only five months before, and looking at him then, I couldn't believe the change. He was pale-faced; his once fine physique had wasted away to a skeleton of skin and bones --but a skeleton that housed a heart and a love for music like no one else I have ever seen. If only the band had shown up that night--I believe I and hundreds there would have heard this Great among Greats playing his own final choruses. Actually, I don't believe Bunny could have made it thru the whole job that night---for no man could have been that sick and weak--and play hard without giving out. Perhaps it was for the best in the truest sense of things that he never got to pick up his golden trumpet, for the very next day in New York city Bunny collapsed, never to rise again, among the friends of the music world who knew him and loved him. One of my closest friends was near the bandstand that final Tuesday June 2, 1942--where Tommy Dorsey was working in New York. Tommy got the news of Bunny's death second hand, but when he heard it uttered a magnificent epitaph--so humble in it's brevity--but so overpowering in it's sincerity--"Oh, my God, No!". The late Tommy Dorsey wept. A lot of the boys in the "upper bracket" did too---because a lot of the boys in the "upper bracket" owed so much to this man who did so much for them.

But--where are the tears today? Time has a bitter way of wearing a man's memory. But my memories and my respect for Berigan are too powerful and vivid to fade easily. I hope that more of us will find that in the years to come we should remember those who have given so much to music---not just on anniversaries and birthdays -- but every day we listen to and enjoy it. Everyday you and I listen to jazz should be a day to recall Bunny, Tommy, Big Syd, Jelly-Roll, Bix or any of the legends that have gone on ahead of us. They deserve remembrance as long as jazz survives and grows--and let's hope that it will continue for a long, long time beyond our own years.

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